THE EYE:

BY OBADIAH OPTIC.

——VARIOUS OBJECTS FROM THE SENSE,
VARIOUSLY REPRESENTING. MILTON.

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Γνωθι σεαυτόν. SOLON.

Know thyself.

THERE is no subject which should so much command our attention as the study of ourselves: In this examination we will be naturally led to contemplate the glorious SOURCE from whom we have derived our being, and on whose arm we absolutely depend; we will be led by this study to view the ills of life, with minds filled with resignation, and enjoy the pleasures with which life's passing scene abounds, in the full exercise of gratitude.

When we examine how curiously and wonderfully we are made, when we take an accurate survey of ourselves, all our appetites, faculties, instincts and mental powers, we must acknowledge that we are not only the work of a BEING infinitely powerful, but of an omnipotent CAUSE, infinitely good—and therefore must condemn TIMON, whose impious exclamations were published in the last number of the 'Eye'; but in giving them publicity, the public must not misunderstand us, they were published that they might be answered—that error might be exposed, and ignorance and impiety put to shame.

HUME, VOLTAIRE, and the whole tribe of deistical writers, who deny a particular Providence, have, with all the beauty of language, and power of ingenuity, endeavoured to prove that "Man was made to mourn;" they have enumerated the various ills of life, they have heightened every scene of misery, they have opened every door of oppression, and exhibited the innocent man pressed down to death by the weight of his woes, to prove that the great SUPREME is so infinitely exalted above human concerns, that he regards not the

woes of man, who, they say, labours through life, the child of misery, and sinks into the grave with such exclamations as this, "Oh that I had been make an oyster!"

"When I look at man, says TIMON, the *prospect* disgusts me"—perhaps a better word than prospect might have been chosen; correct writers seldom, if ever, have used the expression, the prospect of a man—but criticism apart—even the misanthrope, unless absolutely deprived of reason, must acknowledge that in the erect countenance, the just proportions, the accurate adjustment of all the parts to their several uses, the situation of the different organs, and that animation which gives spirit to the whole frame, there exists no cause for disgust; nay, on the contrary, the man who is in the full exercise of his reason, when he views his fellow man, he must be induced to wonder, admire and adore. "I see a weak, contemptible creature, aiming at happiness without any title to it, without knowing how to obtain it." Man in himself simply considered is not contemptible, but on the contrary, the head of our lower creation; the noblest of animals, whether we consider him with respect to his corporeal or mental powers; he only becomes contemptible when degraded by vicious courses; when he ceases to cultivate the dignified powers of his nature, and carried away by appetite, sacrifices at the voluptuous shrine of intemperance; nor is it true that man has no title to happiness, he has received a title from his MAKER that no power can destroy; he formed him to be happy, this is demonstrated from every feature of his face, all his senses, every organ, every power, appetite, disposition, and member—nay, not a fibre, nerve or vein, but in its formation and use proclaims aloud *thou wert made to be happy*; thus it is within; without, see nature clad in green, to make us happy; the earth with all its fruits, and trees, and flowers, its purling streams, its headstrong torrents, its little rills, and pellucid springs, is adorned to render man happy, the change of season, day and night, cold and heat, rain and fair weather, all speak the same language, for unity alone could never have constituted beauty, variety must be added: But why argue on this subject? he must indeed be blind who cannot read on every page of creation's vast volume, that the great SUPREME designed man should be happy.

And it is equally untrue that man knows not how to obtain happiness, for happiness is found in the practice of virtue and the right use of the good things of this life; nor is the great-

est villain the most prosperous: That man who is most happy, enjoys the greatest quantity of prosperity, and happiness is the result of virtue; happiness and villany were never companions; for the DEITY hath so connected sin and punishment, that they never can be separated: The villain, it is true, may appear for a while as though he were the happiest man on earth, but how does conscience and he settle the account? is it all peace within? can his ill gotten gain calm his soul? is he indeed the most prosperous man? nay, view that day-labourer, see the big drop of sweat hanging on his sun beaten brow, see every nerve is stretched with incessant toil, yet hark! he sings! behold he is happy in his toil—look, that chubby boy has just brought him his scanty meal, see with what pleasure he kisses his child—O he is happy!—fly thou prosperous villain, thou canst not bear this scene, what is thy happiness? a shadow—what thy prosperity?—a dream, the sun will destroy it, a noise at thy astonished ear will give it to oblivion—thou art miserable, because a villain, thou art not prosperous. OBADIAH OPTIC.

ORIGINAL.

THE EXPATIATOR.—No. VI.

All served, all serving; nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown. POPE.

MANKIND were formed for social happiness, and to this end every institution that has the sanction of Heaven tends; therefore, to live merely for ourselves, appears not to be the intention of the DEITY.

When at first, man was created, and placed in a state of innocence, duties were assigned him to perform all tending to his advantage; yet it is most certain, his happiness was incomplete, notwithstanding the great extent of his privileges, whilst he remained without a being of the same nature as himself with whom he might hold conference: For wise purposes were implanted in his bosom desires, which, if not satisfied, would inevitably have given a disrelish to his existence. It also seems to have been designed by the GOVERNOR of the universe, that the population of the world should be the effect of mutual love and confidence—that a chain of kindred should extend from the primary subject of humanity, to the remotest period of time, and that concord should be es-

tablished and friendly intercourse preserved by means of consanguinity. For this purpose, woman was formed from the body of man, that an almost inseparable union might exist between them, and the woman was given to the man, for an 'help meet.' From this we may infer, that marriage is not only consistent with the will of DEITY, but highly necessary for the preservation of order in society.

What shall we then say of those who, notwithstanding the incontestible proofs drawn both from nature and religion in favour of this institution, advocate principles, the practice of which would sever the ties which unite us to each other, and result in the extinction of every moral obligation? And yet there are those who assert that it is inconsistent with the laws of nature for one to possess another to the exclusion of the rest of mankind!—I blush at the idea!—Are we rational beings?—do we possess intellectual faculties and immortal spirits?—and would it be compatible with our boasted superiority over the rest of animated nature, to degrade ourselves in this respect to a level with perishable animals?—But, say they, it is our duty to people the earth, the command is "Increase and multiply,"—and whatever mean is most likely to accomplish this, must be right according to correct principles. All this I grant, but the question arises, What is the best mean?—Let us for a moment consider marriage as abolished—where are those bonds of kindred connection which constitute the strongest chain of harmony?—where can the child find the protecting hand of his father, and of whom is he to receive lessons of instruction?—how will parental influence restrain the youthful mind from the excess of vice, or who will guide him in the path of virtue?—Alas! we behold the human race associated only from motives of individual convenience—no tenderness exists in the bosom of man for his fellow, the accomplishment of his own schemes is the extent of his wishes, and the consequence arising from this is perpetual and indiscriminate warfare, by which thousands are swept from the earth and the groans of misery are heard in every habitation—shall I trace the picture in full—shall I exhibit to view the miseries of the female part of our species, unprotected, the sport of caprice, the scorn of satiety!—the shades are too dark—the description too horrible!—I will turn from scenes which only can be realized, when virtue, truth and love, are banished from the earth; and consider that state which is productive of the most refined pleasures.

The benefits accruing from marriage, which none who acknowledge the authenticity of the scriptures will deny to be a divine institution, are too obvious to require much reasoning on the subject; common observation is sufficient to convince us, that it is the source of substantial enjoyments—see the poor man, whose daily task it is to provide for a young family, with what cheerfulness does he engage in his labours—ask him what is his reward? with a significant look of pleasure he will answer, the smiles of love which brighten the countenance of his companion, and the expressive gratitude of his children—view him when he retires from his work to the circle of those who are supported by means of his industry—what heart-felt satisfaction does he receive, and in return dispense to all around him; how can I describe the tender emotions of his soul—they are beyond the expression of words. Those too who compose the middle class of society, derive their greatest joys from this prolific source, whilst the affluent experience it to be that, without which, their wealth would lose half its worth, their pleasures half their zest. Like the sun whose beams dispense cheerfulness and vivifying warmth throughout the earth—so marriage is the centre of society—its rays enliven the heart and warm the affections of men, whilst the blessings it produces, excite in our souls gratitude and love to the GOD of all our comforts. O.

SELECTED.

THE PURSE AND THE ANIMAL SPIRITS.

A WONDERFUL connection and sympathy has lately been observed between the *purse* and the *animal spirits*; which continually rise or fall, as the contents of the former ebb or flow; insomuch that from constant observation I could venture to guess at a man's current cash, by the degree of vivacity he has discovered in his conversation. When this cutaneous reservoir is flush, the spirits too are elate; when that is sunk and drained. how flat, dull, and insipid, is every word and action! The very muscles and features of the face are influenced by this obscure fund of life and vigor.——The heart proves to be only the inert receptacle of the blood, and those grosser spirits which serve for the animal function; but the purse is fraught with those finer and more sublime spirits which constitute the *wit*, and many other distinguishing characters.

I could tell, how a certain *poet's* finances stood by the very subject of his muse;—gloomy elegies, biting satires, grave soliloquies, and dull translations, were certain indications of the *res angusta;* as Pindaric odes, and pointed epigrams, intimated a fresh recruit.——So a grave *politician* who frequented a noted coffee-house, when these pocket-qualms were on him, used to give the most melancholy and deplorable account of the state of the nation; the increase of taxes, abuse of the public revenue, the embarrasments of commerce, the decay of trade, and the excess of executive influence were the continual topics of his discourse; but when the cold fit of his intermitting disorder left him, the scene was quite altered; and then he was eternally haranguing on the power, grandeur, and wealth of the nation. In short, this barometer of state always rose or fell, not as the *quick*, but the *current* silver contracted or expanded itself within its secret cell.

Under the influence of the same powerful charm, I have remarked a certain *physician* in the chamber of a wealthy patient clear up his countenance, and write his recipe with infinite vivacity and good humour; but in the abode of poverty, what a clouded brow—hopeless vibration of the head—and langour of the nerves? like the sensitive plant, he shrunk from the cold hand of necessity——not that the doctor wanted humanity; but when a patient becomes a mere *caput mortuum*, and the *anima saccumli* expires, what sympathising heart but must be sensible of so dire a change!

It is impossible to record a tenth part of the wonderful effects this latent source of life and spirits has produced on the animal œconomy. What smiles of complacency and cringing adulation to my Lord *Bloodrich*, who no sooner turns his back, than contempt and derision overtakes him! What can this be owing to, but the secret influence of the divinity which threw a sort of awe and veneration about him? What but this magic power could have transformed *Ned Traffick* into a gentleman, Justice *Allpaunch* into a *wit*, or Squire *Jolter* into a man of taste? What but this could have given poignancy to the most insipid jokes, and weight to the most superficial arguments of Alderman *Heavyside?* What less than this divinity could make circumcision become uncircumcision; convert *Gideonites* to *Christians*, or *Christians* to *Gideonites?* It is this that with more than tutelary power protects its votaries from insults and oppressions; that silences the enraged accuser, and sometimes snatches the sword from the very hand of *Jus-*

tice. Towns and cities, like Jericho, without any miracle have fallen flat before it; it has stopped the mouths of cannons, and more surprising still, of faction and slander.

It has thrown a sort of glory about the globose and opaque sculls of county justices; it has imparted a dread and reverence to the ensigns of authority;—and strange, and passing strange to say, it has made youth and beauty fly into the arms of old age and impotence; given charms to deformity and detestation; transformed *Hymen* into *Mammon*, and the *god of love* into a *satyr*.——It has built bridges without foundations, libraries without books, hospitals without endowments, and churches without benefices. It has turned conscience into a deist, honour into a pimp, courage into a duellist, and honesty into a stockjobber.—In short, there is nothing wonderful it has not effected, except making us wise, virtuous, and happy.

I could spin this ductile, golden thread *ad infinitum;* but I fear, here is already as much as the patience of the candid reader will allow him to wind up; so cutting it short and kissing your hand, I am, &c. SARCASTICUS.

SELECTED.

THE CONTENTED COTTAGER.

ADRASTUS, a man of deep erudition, profound reading, and a philosophical turn of mind, chose principally to reside in the country, chiefly for the uninterrupted pleasures of contemplation. He was a man not only of learning and property but of philanthrophy, and equally celebrated in his neighbourhood for wisdom and generosity. It happened that one of his tenants, although he rented the smallest farm, and had a large family depending on its cultivation, was by far the most cheerful and well disposed. His cottage, though small, was dressed by the hand of neatness, and frugality with simplicity were ever the guardians that attended this happy family. All situations and all seasons, from the beginning of spring to the end of winter, were rendered delightful by the happy bias of his constitution, which enabled him to turn all events to his advantage. In sorrow he was humiliated, and in prosperity he was grateful. He had lived as tenant of that very farm when the father of Adrastus first took possession of the estate, of which it was a part; nor had he ever made a failure in the payment of his rent, nor ever had a quarrel in the parish. His

toil was sweetened and alleviated by the pleasing thoughts of providing for his offspring; and this constant employment not only inspired him with health, but did not allow him leisure to indulge the whimsical wants of imagination, at the same time that it protected him from all improper, impertinent, or vicious passions. He had in his time put many estranged hands together—reconciled many petty, peevish differences—settled many family breaches—suggested while he was church-warden many a little scheme for the benefit of the poor—and never felt one emotion of envy at surveying the possessions of the rich.

These unassuming, though solid virtues, gained him such a reputation in the country wherein he resided, that he obtained, as it were proverbially, the appellation of the 'Contented Cottager.' He was in truth, "Passing rich with forty pounds a year."

An account of him was transmitted to Adrastus, who went to pay him a visit, in order to see how true report had characterized him; for, though Adrastus lived and did much good in the country, yet his abstracted, philosophical and sedentary situation made him *personally* but little acquainted even with his own tenants, who were generally turned over to the steward for the conversation and business of quarter day.

A man of the Contented Cottager's disposition, was too important an object not to excite the curiosity of a philosopher; and accordingly he set apart one afternoon, or rather evening, on purpose for this entertainment. Adrastus arrived at the farmer's about half an hour after sun-set; when "Twilight grey had in her sober livery all things clad." The farmer, whose name was Matthew Mendland, was sitting at the door of his little cottage smoking his pipe, and surrounded by his children; his wife was leaning over the fire, preparing a decent and wholesome supper. The farmer knew his landlord personally, and rose as to his superiour, offering him the best seat in his homely cottage.

"Here your honour finds me (said the farmer) in a small but happy place. I have been upon your ground these many days; and if you think good to renew my lease, which expires at Michælmas, I shall most likely end my life in your service. If your honour likes me, I like you. Your dues are always ready to the hour; and I have no more reason to complain of my landlord than he has of his tenant. And so——." Adrastus interrupted him, by desiring to see the lease, and to have

a pen and ink, for the purpose of renewing it upon the spot. "As to pen and ink, sir, (replied the farmer,) I have no use for them, and so I never keep any by me; I never write, and I can't read, and so such things are of no service. But if your honour wants to write, I can easily send to the shop for paper and ink, and I can easily send one of my boys to the green to pick up a quill; or if your honour is in a hurry, Tom shall borrow a feather from the old gander, who is, I see, just waddling to his bed." "It don't signify at present, farmer (said Adrastus) I'll sign it another time.—But don't you really know any thing about books? I actually thought you was a scholar; that you had employed all your spare time in study, that you gathered your notions of œconomy, industry, and paternal propriety from historic examples, or traditionary annals." "No, really, sir, not I (said the farmer) I am a very illiterate man, and no scholar at all. My father could not afford to give me an education, and I have had neither time nor opportunity since. Nature and the use of my eyes have been my only instructors; and if I have been able to live reputably to the age of threescore, and even to raise up my children soberly, cleanly, and virtuously, I owe it merely to them. Indeed, to say the truth, my business as a farmer, threw in my way a thousand instructive objects. My yard is stocked with improvement. At the end of that small slip of a garden, I have a bit of a bee hive, filled with little industrious animals, who tell me, what a shame it would be to lead the life of a drone; my maxim upon this is, sir, that "he who don't make some honey, ought to eat none," and so this made me indefatigable to earn my meal before I sat down to it. Nay, in this part of my duty I am farther instructed by the little creatures who inhabit the mole-hill; is it possible for a man to see the poor things hard at work for the day of necessity, and not take the hint, and lay up a modicum for his own family? I have rested upon my spade, sir, on purpose to look at their labours; and then I have gone to work again, lest they should have the sense to chide me, for minding other people's business more than my own. I have an old house-dog, your honour—here, honesty! honesty! where are you honesty!—Yes sir, that aged animal has kept my clothes by day and my cottage by night, till he has not got a tooth in his head; and he does for me, what I would do for one Thomas Trusty, whom I have loved since I was a brat no higher than my hand; he once did me a piece of service when it was most wanted, and

while I have breath I shall never forget it; he, sir who has no gratitude, has no nature in him; and an unnatural man is better dead than alive, because when a person does no good to his neighbour, he has no business here. We are all born to do something, and he who does a kindness deserves to be well remembered for it. With regard to my duty as a husband, I learn that from the very pigeons that coo and court around my dove-house; to this dear old dame I have been lawfully married forty-six years, and I can't think what our great folks are about; I find such a pleasure in my constancy, that I am sure I could not receive from inconstancy; and the smiles of a good woman are a rich reward. With regard to the love I bear to these little ones, I am taught the duty which, as a father, I owe to them, by every living thing around me; the wren that builds her nest under my hovel, the very hog that litters in my sight, and the mare that foals in my pastures, teach me to be affectionate to their persons, and anxious for the preservation of my own offspring; and in this manner I have learned my lesson of wisdom and worship, truth and tenderness from the beasts of my fields, and the birds of the air."

Here the good man paused, and directed his eldest daughter to draw some of his harvest-home beer. Adrastus was astonished at his simplicity of manner, and at the soundness of his sense, as well as at the propriety of his remarks. "Farmer, (said he) you have distressed me, as well as delighted me. I came prepared to offer you assistance, and you have left me nothing to bestow. I have nothing that you have not, but a greater proportion of money, and you are so truly contented as you are, that any additions would, perhaps, disconcert the œconomy of your plan. You are a happy farmer, and a natural philosopher, without the use either of large systematic folios, or the toils of a sedentary life. Give me, however, the lease, I will tear the lease, and——"

"How! your honour, (said the poor alarmed farmer) *tear* my lease instead of *renewing* it! Has then my freedom or my happiness offended you?"——"Yes, Mr. Mendland, (replied Adrastus) I will tear the lease, because you have no farther use for it. The little spot of ground you have so long enriched by your care, shall henceforth be a patrimony to your inheritance; you are the proprietor of it from this day. Call on me to-morrow morning, and the writings of surrender shall be made for you; for the time to come, I must be considered, not as your landlord, but your friend. Let me often

see you at my table, and in my garden. In short, as frequently as the business of your family will permit, let me get that wisdom and understanding, which surpasseth mere *mechanical science*, in the society of the Contented Cottager." The farmer would have dropped upon his knee; but Adrastus prevented him, saying, "Rise, Mr. Mendland, the obligation is on my side: I have been obliged. In exchange for a few acres, for which I have no occasion, you have given me a set of maxims and sentiments that are as the purified thrice-refined gold of Ophir, and shall never depart from me." From this moment Adrastus and the farmer were intimate companions. O ye landlords and tenants, "Go ye, and do likewise!"

Poetical Department.

ORIGINAL.

STANZAS.

"PEACE ON EARTH, AND GOOD WILL TO MEN."

WHILE despots and tyrants their fury displaying,
Spread terror, destruction and ruin around,
While man, fellow man, is destroying, betraying;
Sweet peace in America only is found:
May heaven indulgent continue the blessing,
May freemen, the richest of prizes possessing;
Behold, and adore the good GIVER—professing,
Adoration and praise for bounty divine.

May the fury of men destroying each other,
If Heaven should will it, be changed into love;
And sweet peace and harmony, brother with brother,
And nation with nation, happily prove:
Adored CREATOR, all bountiful Heaven,
Abused by man are the blessings thou'st given,
Ah, calm the mad tumult to which he is driven,
May he know that his happiness centres in peace.

When peace with its blessings; good will to all creatures,
Shall extend far and wide, the creation around;
Then war, wasting war! will hide its rough features,
And religion triumphant, will smile at the sound;
Religion unfetter'd, will shine as the morning,
And the SAVIOUR of man his purchase adorning,
With white robes of joy for the garments of mourning,
And the mantle of hope for the garb of despair.

Hark! hark! the glad sound extends thro' creation,
At Bethlehem sung, by the angels above;
Good will to all men and peace to all nations,
United in harmony, virtue and love;
Haste Heaven! ah hasten the time when all nature,
Shall know war no more, and each happy creature
Rejoice in the blessings which GOD the creator,
Thro' CHRIST the redeemer for man hath prepared. E.

ORIGINAL.

THE ECHO.

SWEET Echo! from that rocky steep,
Which bounds the still night shadow'd deep,
With sweetly mocking harmony,
O'er the silent waves reply.
—Hark! from the cliff its pensive thrill!
It mocks me, but I love it still.
Thee Echo, when a boy I sought,
Nor knew, that thou could'st not be caught,
From valley, mount or margin'd rill,
I heard thee in a neighb'ring hill,
And flew to find thee—but when there,
Thy babling mock'ry still could hear,
Mocking, and enticing still,
On some other neighboring hill—
Come here! I call'd and still could hear,
Far off, thee answer me, 'come here!'
And O! thy mock'ry charm'd me too,
I chased thee still, as still thou flew—
——So happiness in vain I chase,
As still it flies before my face,
Alluring, backward on me looks,
Invites, and then my efforts mocks;
And O! its mock'ry is so sweet,
And so enchanting its deceit,
That tho' the syren false doth prove
And mock me, I the phantom love!
Adieu! sweet Echo, now adieu,
How softly thy response 'adieu!'
I leave thee, but I'll come again,
How sweet you ask me 'come again!'

THE STRANGER.